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ABSTRACT

A preschool teacher in Japan tells how she uses "the artifacts of advancement," such as the songs children have become familiar with through watching television, to educate "the feeling heart" of young children and lead them to involvement with and appreciation of nature. After a description of the Sasanoha kindergarten in Kamakura City and a set of drawings schematically depicting movement exercises set to music, ideas in practice are told in a series of narrative accounts. The stories concern the use of words to express feelings and develop close contact with others, teachers' attainment of child-like dispositions through contact with children, the educational use of music in the preschool classroom, drawing music, and musical drama. Also narrated are experiences concerning group drawing, drawing experiences of nature, reaching "the child's heart," nature walks, transforming stories into plays, and the production of a musical drama through collaboration between children and their teacher. Themes running through the accounts are those of (1) building children's physical strength and health through a progression of activities beginning with "doing music" and including developing feeling for color and form, exericising the imagination, and cultivating creativity, and (2) the enrichment of children's emotional life through drama and other activities which can lead children to an awareness of sociability, civility, and proper behavior. (RH)

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Breathing Life Into Recorded Musical Educational Materials And Presenting Them to Children

Children Doing Music

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Sasanoha Kindergarten

Kiyo Satoh, Director

March, 1986

Kiyo Satoh

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At our kindergarten, the aim is to improve child health by emphasizing exercise and the building of physical strength in the context of play. The emergence of various 'playthings' quite divorced from active play in the environment surrounding the children, such as TV, plastic models, toy minicars, and even personal computers, has begun to erode the children's concern for and interest in nature. Instead of waging a futile struggle against all of these elements, we came up with the idea of incorporating some of them in preschooling. Songs the children are familiar with through TV, for example, were used as music for active play. The combination of music and movement would in turn heighten the interest of the children in exercise and serve as motivation for the building of physical strength. Such programs were conducted on a daily basis.

A movement and rhythm chart is contained on another page. For movement with tempo and preliminary exercise to improve the needed faculties, we chose to incorporate the theme songs of cartoon programs. This also helps to maintain the level of interest, and is arranged as rhythmic exercises and folk dancing, to have the children feel the enjoyment of moving to music that they like.

To settle the children after strenuous activity, they are taken on walks in the vicinity of the kindergarten. The teachers verbally draw the attention of the children to sights on the way, to increase their awareness of natural beauty and focus their interest. An attempt is thus made to make the children conscious of seasonal changes and the preciousness of the natural

environment. After returning from the walk, the children are made to rest for about 20 - 30 minutes, while listening to quiet music. The music is also to expand upon what they have thus far experienced that day.

I feel that the incorporation of these musical and 'sentimental' elements into a program emphasizing exercise and the building of bodily strength nurtures the children's capacity to feel, thus bringing us one step closer to the goal of education as a whole. These activities incidentally also exert a strong impact on the educator. The words that the children speak concerning their thoughts and feelings are a kind of living educational material for the educator that can in turn be fed back into the daily program. What I present in these pages are the children's feelings and thoughts arising from their active involvement with ('doing') music and the educational practice derived from that involvement.

1. Sasanoha Kindergarten

Sasanoha Kindergarten is located in the northern part of Kamakura City. Except for the heavily travelled local highway running from Ofuna in Kamakura to Enoshima in Fujisawa, the kindergarten is blessed with a fine natural environment of hills, woods, and fields, despite the recent inroads of urbanization. There are three teachers for the 50 children at the school.

The 3, 4 and 5-year olds are instructed both separately and all together, as necessary. This format is conducive to the formation of close bonds between the children both horizontally and vertically.

The yearly events of the kindergarten do not differ substantially from those in other kindergartens. The instruction is enhanced, however, by the addition of measurements of physical strength, swimming lessons, staying overnight, parent-child exercising, mini-marathons, potato roasts, kite flying, and other activities. The exercise play consists of a wide range of physical activity, such as child gymnastics, walking, running, jumping, play using fixed facilities, play using hand-held implements, rhythmic exercising, folk dancing, and swimming. The physical strength of the children is measured in May and October of each year. This allows the educator to obtain a record for the whole 2 (or 3) year period that can serve as the basis for comparative studies as well as aid in the determination of the proper instruction for individual children.

The instruction time at Sasanoha Kindergarten is 6 hours per day. This is 2 hours longer than the 4 hour days of most other kindergartens. The daily program is as follows.

Instruction Time

Regular Schooldays (Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday)

9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00
Open	Free play Exercise	Activity of age group	Lunch	Outdoors	Snack	Close
	Rest time (Quite music)		Rest time (Music story)			

Half Days (Wednesday, Saturday)

9:00	10:00	11:30
Open	Free play (Exercise Lg. Muscle Outdoors)	Close.

* Activity
- Art
- Manipulatives
- Origami
- Dramatic play
- Science, math
- Music
- Story etc.

Before undertaking the actual exercises to build physical strength, however, the children are fully introduced to sound and movement. Our purpose here is to pursue the hearts of the children 'doing' music through actual instances of the children's self-expression, and then put forth some thoughts on the best use of recorded music as educational material, and the proper way to present it to children.

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2. Music and Movement (attached chart)

a) Have the children feel the tempo of the music and the rhythm of the movement with their bodies, in order to gradually instil in them a rhythmic sense.

b) Rhythmic exercises using shouted cues

'Go! Go! Stopman! GES-1159

c) Rhythmic exercises using the theme songs of animated cartoons.

'Grow Up? Not Me!' CK-744

'C'mon Paman!' CK-676

'Gogul V' EK-751

d) Calisthenics using hand-held implements

'Warming Up' EK-745

e) Calisthenics stressing keeping time to the rhythm.

'Fun with Janken' GES-1160

f) Group exercises using music.

'Ready and Rarin' to Go!' EK-795

g) Other expressive exercises and movement.

2. Music and Movement (attached chart)

a) Have the children feel the tempo of the music and the rhythm of the movement with their bodies, in order to gradually instil in them a rhythmic sense.

♩=114～134　(9'08")

みんな あつまれー		グルグルまわし はんたいまわし		グッパー グッパー			
うえに グッパー			ななめに グッパー			はんたい グッパー	
	あしぶみ いち・に・さん・し		おひざ いち・に・さん・し			かたあし のばし	
はんたい のばし		こんどは ふかーく			あしぶみ いち・に・さん・し		
おおきく うでまわし		はんたい まわし		手といっしょに 足をあげて			
くびまわし		肩まわし			よこのばし		
		つまさき タッチ					

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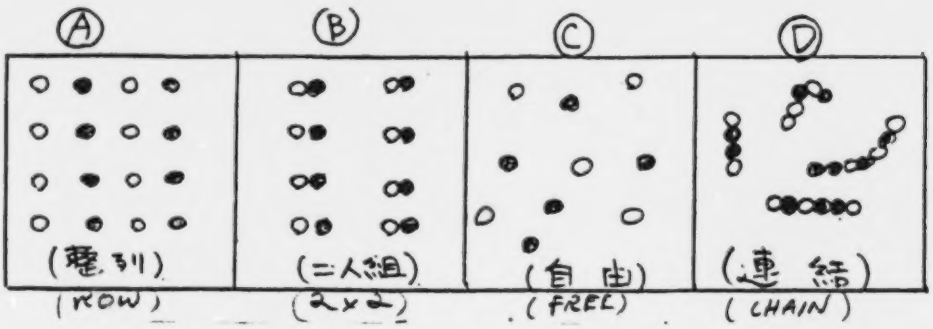
b) Rhythmic exercises using shouted cues

'Go! Go! Stopman! GES-1159

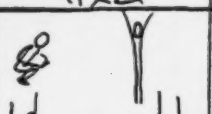
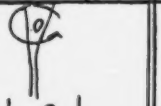
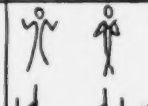
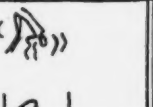
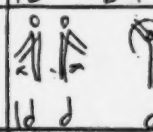
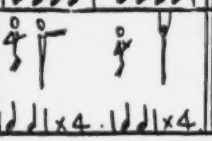
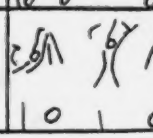
FORMATION SEQUENCE

隊形 Ⓐ→Ⓑ→Ⓒ→Ⓓ→Ⓐ の順



CUES SHOULD OF COURSE BE GIVEN RIGHT BEFORE THE MOVEMENT IS TO BEGIN. CALLS SUCH AS 'OK' OR 'HEY!' ALSO ADD TO THE FUN.

Ⓐ SONG COMPOSITION / CUE MOVEMENT & RHYTHM

曲構成	ことばがけ	動き リズム	曲構成	ことばがけ	動き リズム
4×2	FOUNTAIN 噴水 BUBBLE...OOH! (ギューンパッ)	 1d d 1	8×2	ロボット ROBOT	同じ SAME
4×1	ひとまわり TURN	 1 0 1	8×2	キューピーさん CUPIE	 1d d 1×8
4×1	ブラブラ DINGLE-DANGLE	 1 0 1	8×2	ゴリラ GORILLA	1d d 1
8×2	ロボット ROBOT	1d d d d 1 d d d d 1	8×2	かぜさん BREEZE	 1d d o 1
8×2	グッパーグッパー (前に エに) (OUT, UP)	 1d d 1×4 1d d 1×4	8×2	大きな風 WIND	 1 0 1 0 1

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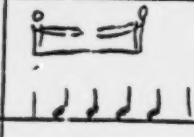
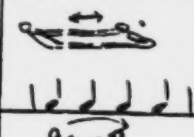
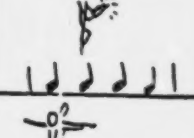
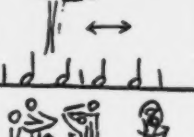
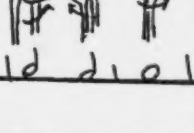
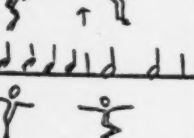
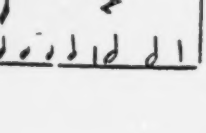
Ⓑ

8×1	二人組 CLAPPING (手拍り)	
8×1	おすわり SITTING	
8×2	シーソー SEE-SAW	
8×2	かけっこ TAG	
8×2	背中合せ BACK TO BACK	
8×1	おててを たたいて CLAPPING	
REPEAT 8×2	カニダンス CRAB'S DANCE	
REPEAT 8×2	カニのあわ CRAB BUBBLES	

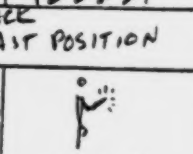
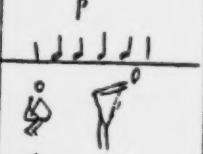
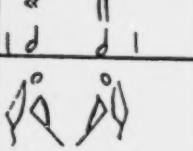
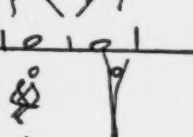
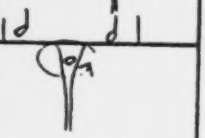
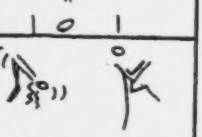
Ⓒ

8×2	カエルのたち FROG HAND STAND	
8×4	トンボ DRAGONFLY (スカ スカ) FLIT-FLIT	

Ⓓ ROW OF DUCKS

8×4	アヒルぎょうれつ (ガーガーガー)	

Ⓐ QUACK-QUACK RETURN TO 1ST POSITION

8×2	最初位置に集まりましょう	
8×2	ひざまげ KNEE BENDS	
8×2	ひざのばし STRETCHING	
4×2	FOUNTAIN ふんすい (キューン/パッ)	
4×1	BUBBLE-OOH! ひとまわり TURN	
4×1	ブラブラ DINGLE-DANGLE アッ! AAH!	

※ 背中合せ・カニのあわくなど
MAKE SURE TO PRACTICE BACK-TO-BACK AND THE CRAB BUBBLES FULLY IN ADVANCE.
おらかじめ練習をしておくこと。

Ⓒの隊形はできるだけ広く
EFFECT OF THE ROW OF DUCKS WILL BE HEIGHTENED
自由度の現させると Ⓓのアヒルの
IF THE Ⓒ FORMATION CONTAINS THE WIDEST AND
ぎょうれつが最も
MOST FREE EXPRESSION. THE TRANSITION FROM
アヒルのぎょうれつの後半 8×2の
THE ROW OF DUCKS TO THE 8×2 MUSIC MUST
音楽の変りに注意する.
BE CAREFULLY MADE.
最後ブラブラ・アッ!と声を揃えて言う.
HAVE THE FINAL 'DINGLE~DANGLE... AAH!'
SPOKEN IN CRISPLY, IN UNISON.

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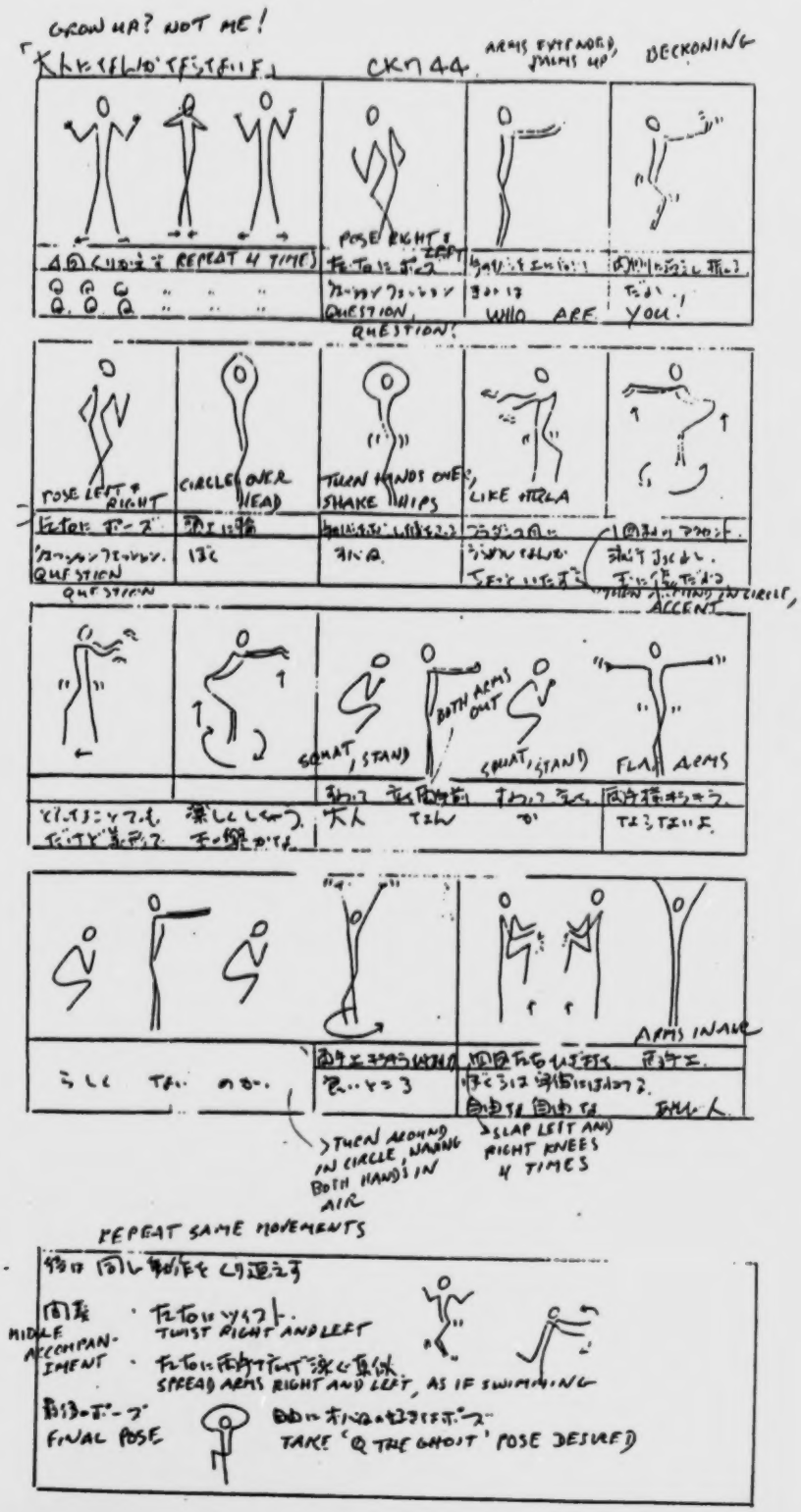
c) Rhythmic exercises using the theme songs of animated cartoons.

'Grow Up? Not Me!' CK-744



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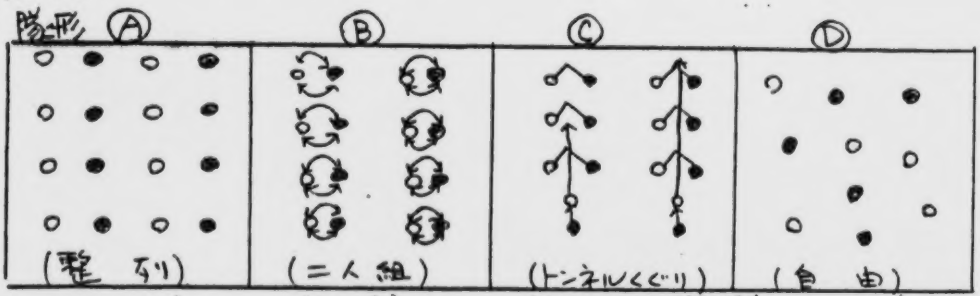
隊形 FORMATION

① Ⓐ → Ⓑ → Ⓓ → Ⓐ
② Ⓐ → Ⓑ → Ⓒ → Ⓐ
③ Ⓐ → Ⓑ → Ⓒ → Ⓓ → Ⓐ

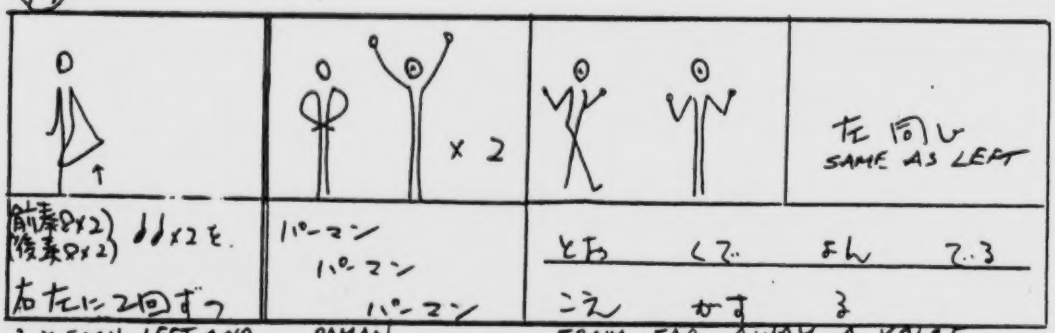
HAVE THE CHILDREN LEARN HOW TO CHANGE FORMATIONS AS THEY GET USED TO THE SONG AND MOVEMENTS

FORMATION

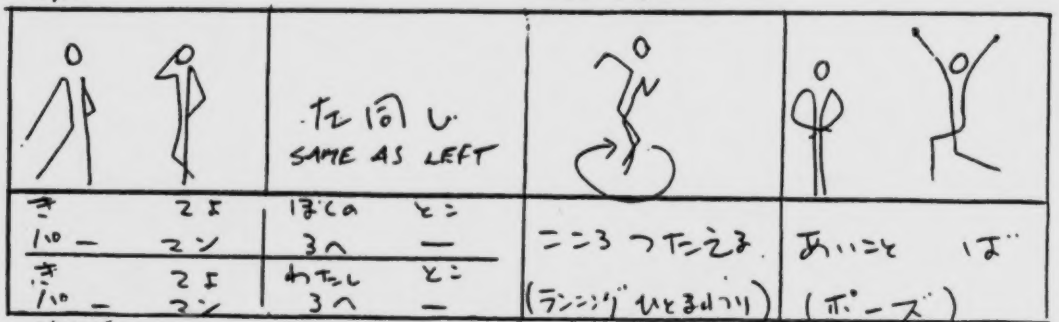


(IN ROWS) (2 x 2) (DUCKING THROUGH THE TUNNEL) (FREE)

Ⓐ



2 x EACH, LEFT AND RIGHT — PAMAN — FROM FAR AWAY A VOICE IS CALLING



C'MON PAMAN — TO MY HOUSE — A MESSAGE FROM THE HEART (RUNNING IN CIRCLE) — PASSWORD (POSE)

//

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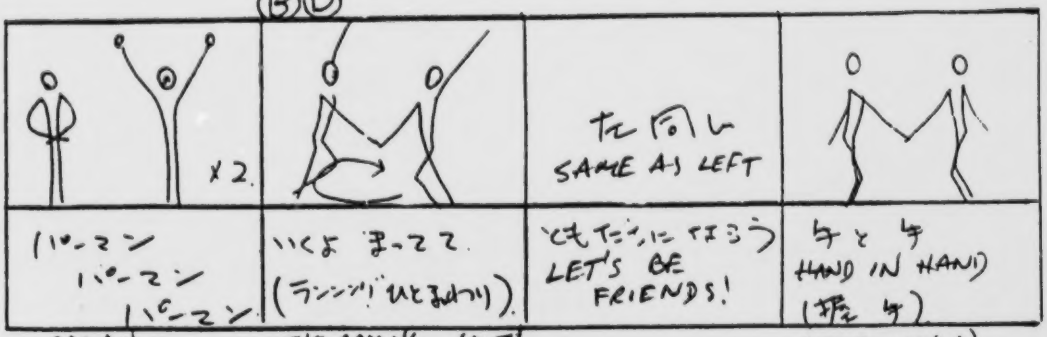
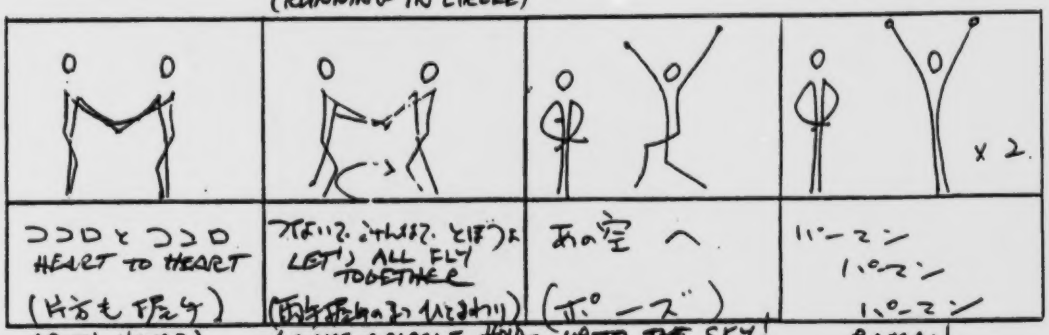
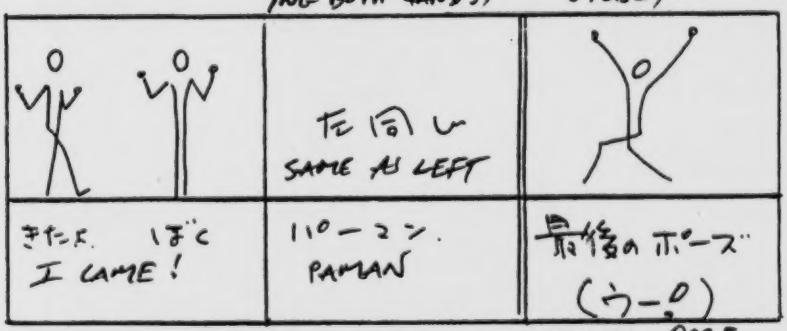
Ⓑ Ⓓ







Ⓒ Ⓓ 間奏 8×4
MIDDLE ACCOMPANIMENT

1. 自由に飛んでまわる RUNNING AROUND FREELY
2. トンネルくぐり DUCKING THROUGH TUNNEL
3. 腹ばいになり、手足をエビ連結し飛ぶ真似をする

ON BELLYS, ARMS AND LEGS RAISED AND LINKED, AS IF FLYING

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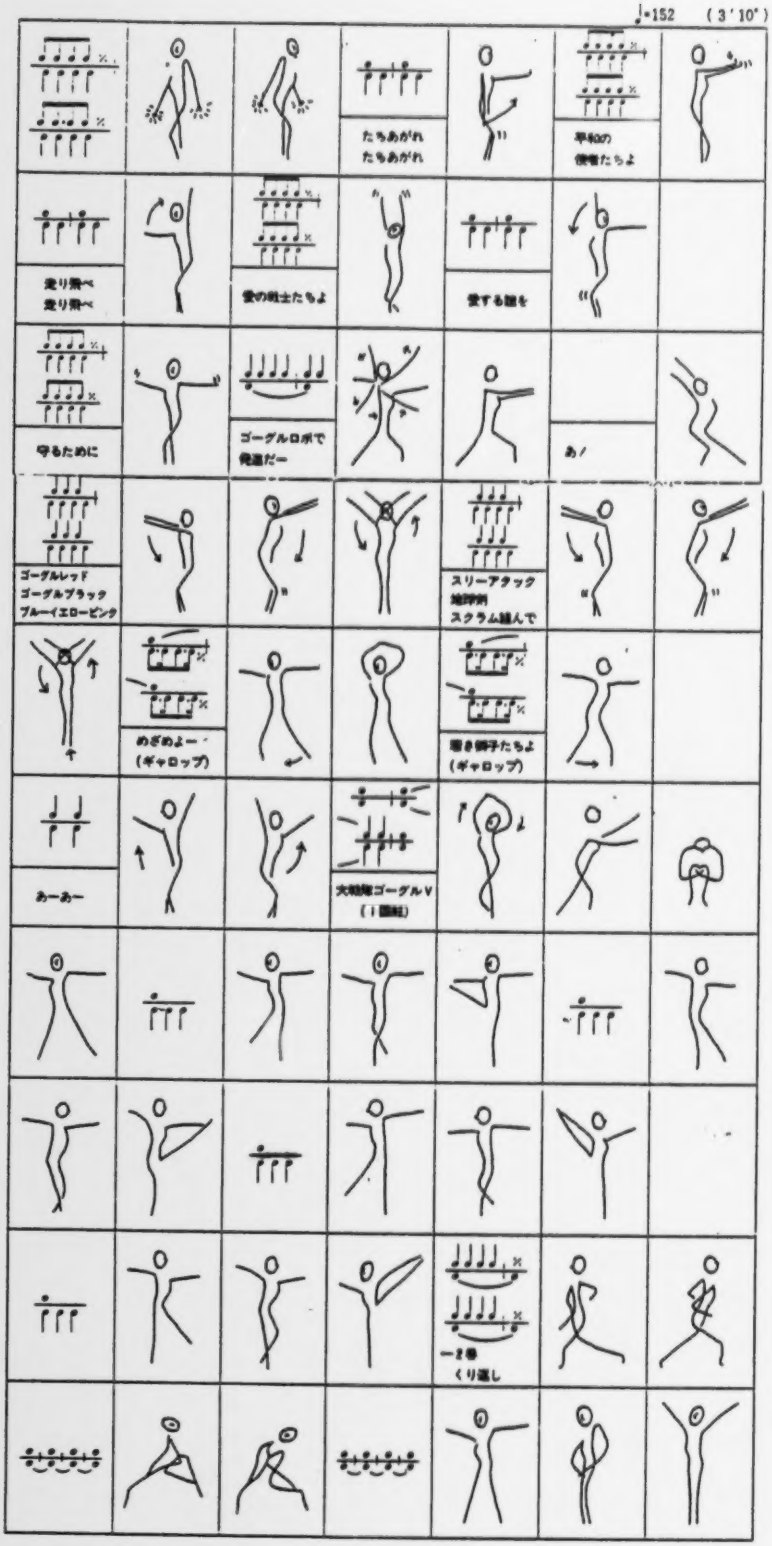
♩=152 (3'10")



13

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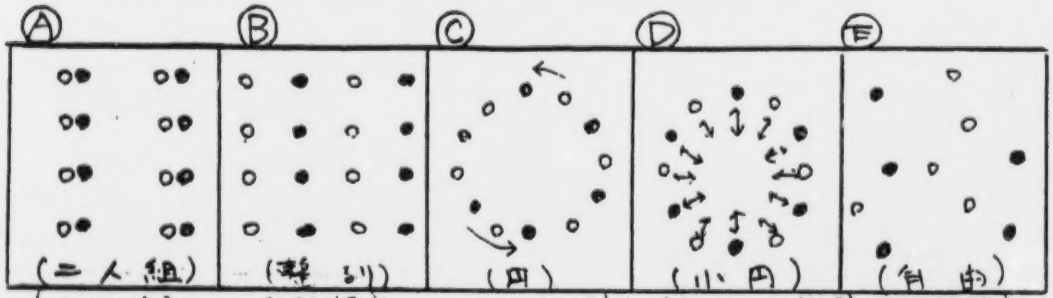
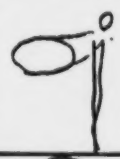
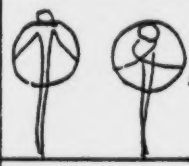
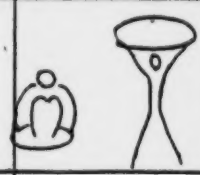
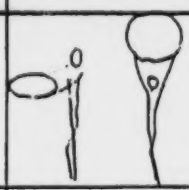
d) Calisthenics using hand-held implements

'Warming Up' EK-745

隊形 FORMATION Ⓐ→Ⓑ→Ⓒ→Ⓓ→Ⓒ→Ⓔ→Ⓑ の順



SONG COMPOSITION MOVEMENT

曲構成	動き	曲構成	動き	曲構成	動き
Ⓐ 8 x 1		Ⓑ 8 x 1		8 x 1	
8 x 1		8 x 1		8 x 1	
8 x 2		8 x 2	くりかえし REPEAT	8 x 2	くりかえし REPEAT
8 x 1		4 x 1		Ⓒ 8 x 1	
2		4 x 3	くりかえし REPEAT	8 x 3	くりかえす REPEAT

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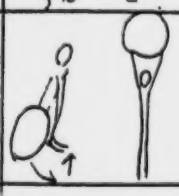
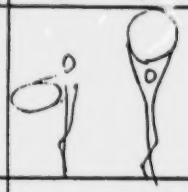
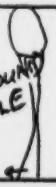
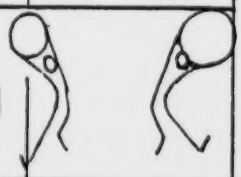
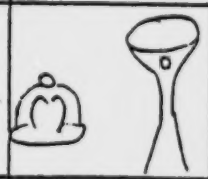
SONG COMPOSITION　　MOVEMENT

曲構成	動き	曲構成	動き	曲構成	動き
8×1		4×2	くりかえし	Ⓑ 8×1	
8×3	REPEAT くりかえし	4 STEP BACK, THEN AROUND IN CIRCLE うしろに3ぽ・ぐるっとまわる		8×3	くりかえし
8×1		Ⓒ 8×4		8×1	
8×1		8×3	くりかえす	8×1	くりかえし
Ⓓ 4 STEP FORWARD 一歩前に3つ		8×1 ふわしてーっ リングに入って STEP INTO RING IN FRONT		4	
4	くりかえし	Ⓔ 8×4 HULA HOOP フラフープ		4	
8		4×1			
4×2 カノン CANON		4×3	くりかえす		

15

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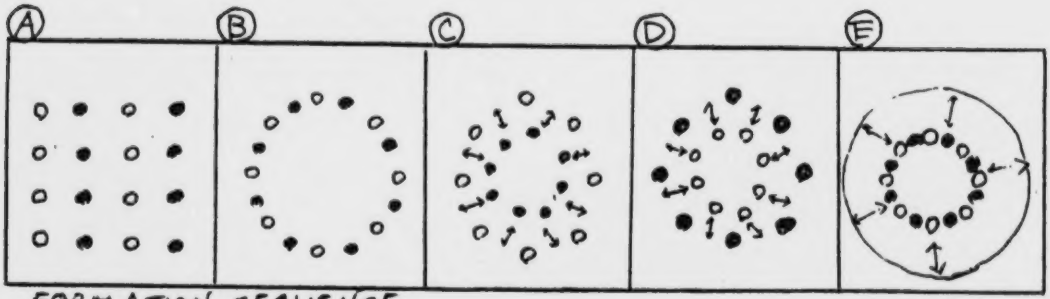
e) Calisthenics stressing keeping time to the rhythm.

'Fun with Janken' GES-1160



FORMATION SEQUENCE

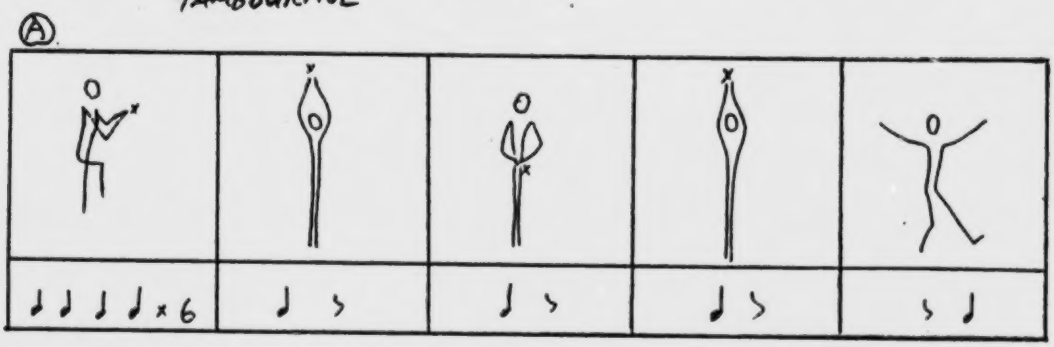
隊形 A→B→C→D→E→A の順

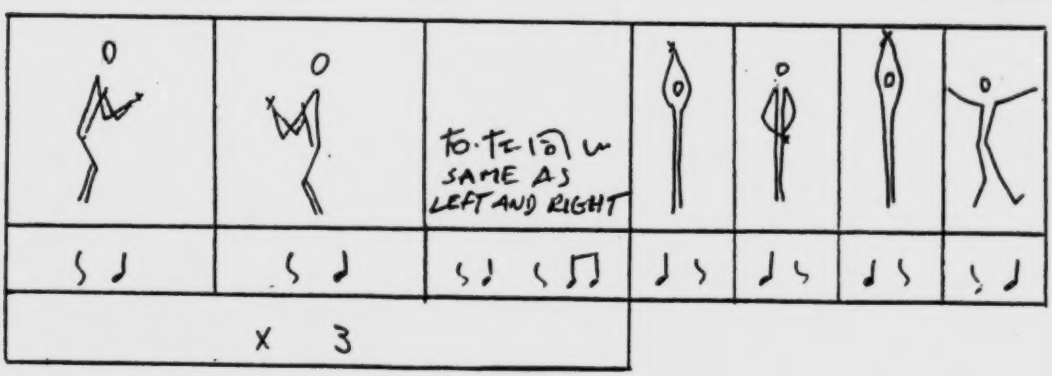
● 印 カスタネット (ハンドカスト) CASTANET

○ 印 タンバリン TAMBOURINE

前奏 8×2 は聞く

BEGINNING ACCOMPANIMENT - 8×2 LISTEN





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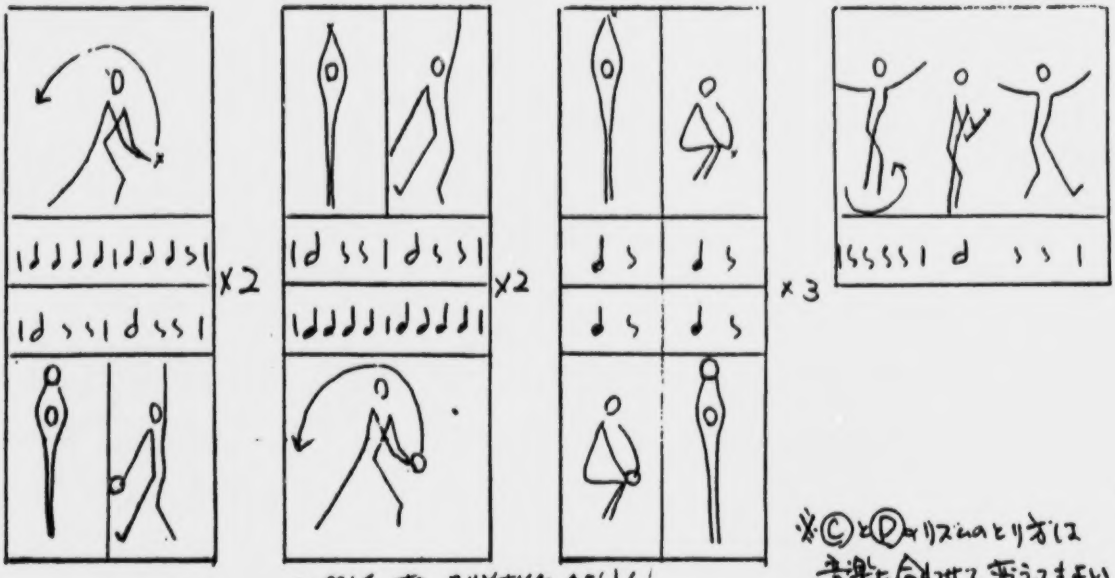

CIRCLE TO RHYTHM OF | ♩ 𝄾 |

Ⓑ 8×4 | ♩ 𝄾 | のリズムで サークル

※ⒸとⒹのリズムのとりかたは
音楽に合わせて変えてもよい.
THE RHYTHM OF Ⓒ AND Ⓓ CAN BE CHANGED TO SUIT MUSIC

Ⓒ WALK IN CIRCLE

円に あるく カスタ CASTANET | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 |	Ⓓ カスタ | ♩♩♩♩ | ♩♩♩♩ |
タンバリン | ♩♩♩♩ | ♩♩♩♩ | ♩♩♩♩ | TAMBOURINE	円に あるく タンバリン | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 |
CIRCLE 円に カスタ | ♩ 𝄾 ♩ 𝄾 | ♩ 𝄾 ♩ 𝄾 |	カスタ | ♩♩♩♩ | ♩♩♩♩ |
タンバリン | ♩♩♩ ♩♩♩ | ♩♩♩ ♩♩♩ |	円に タンバリン | ♩ 𝄾 ♩ 𝄾 | ♩ 𝄾 ♩ 𝄾 |
RETURN もどる カスタ | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 |	カスタ | ♩♩♩♩ | ♩♩♩♩ |
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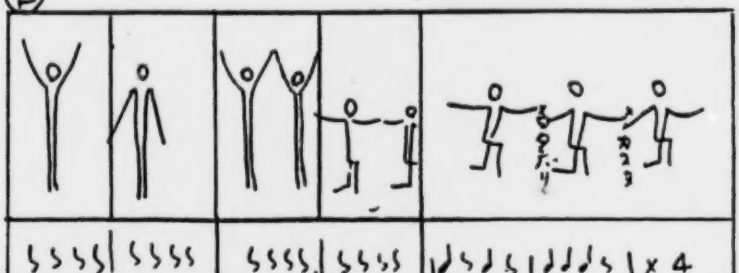
SHIFT TO 'A' FORMATION TO Ⓔ RHYTHM. MOVEMENTS FROM THIS POINT THE SAME.

Ⓔ



𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾	𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 | 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾 𝄾	♩ 𝄾 ♩ 𝄾 | ♩♩♩ 𝄾 | × 4

Ⓐ | ♩ 𝄾 | のリズムで Ⓐ 隊形に移行 以下動作は同じ

※ カスタ・タンバリンの持ち方を
事前に確認しておく
MAKE SURE THE CASTANETS AND TAMBOURINE ARE HELD IN THE PROPER HAND BEFORE STARTING

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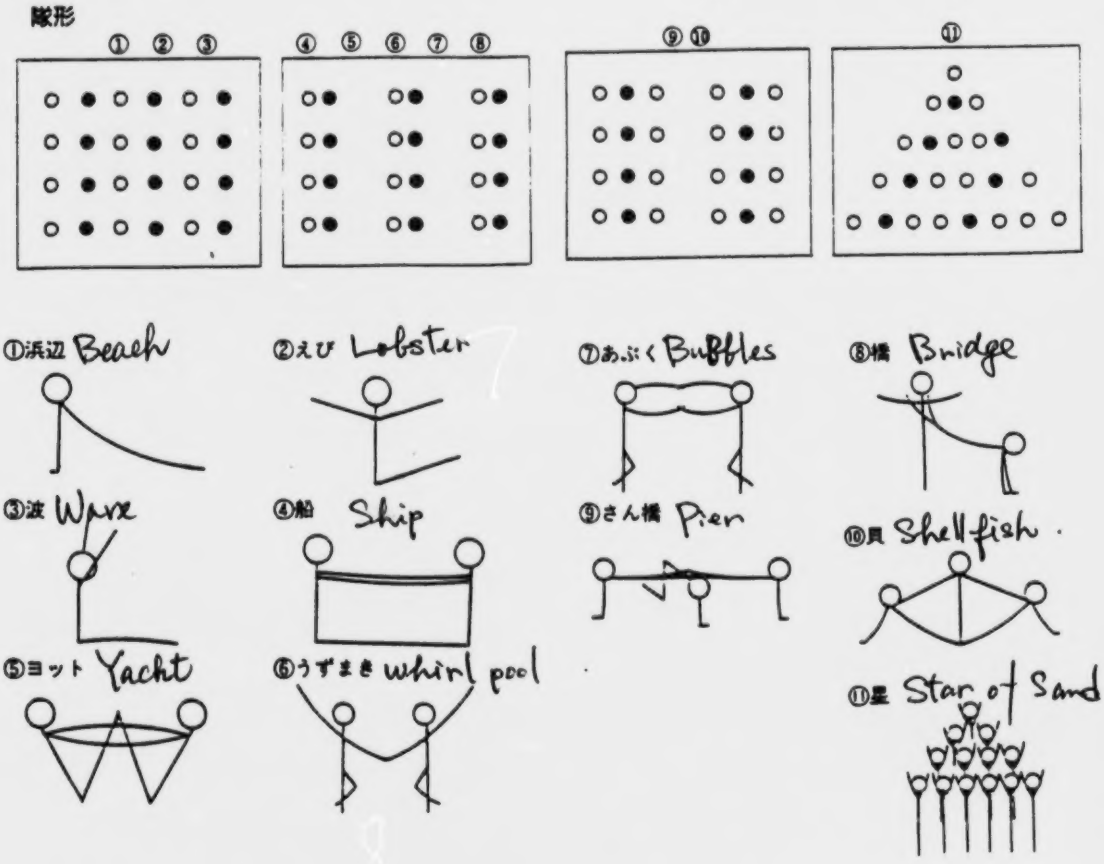
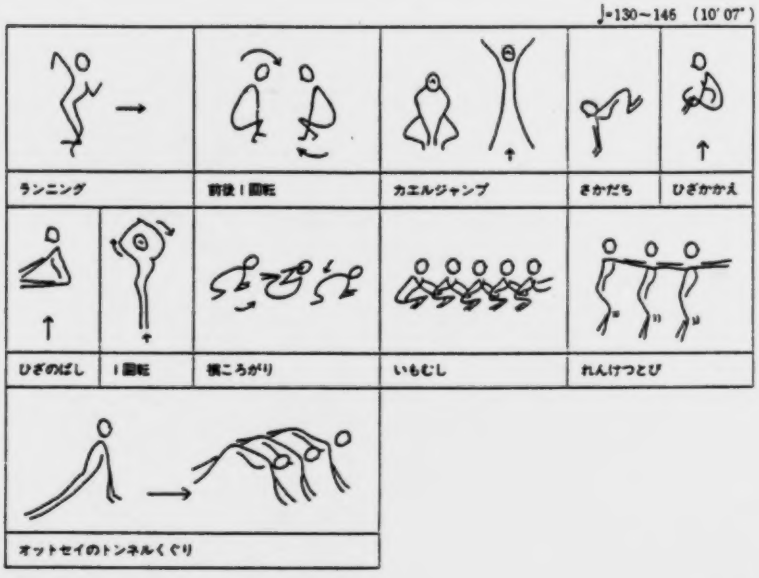
f) Group exercises using music.

'Ready and Rarin' to Go!'EK-795

「THE SEA」



g) Other expressive exercises and movement.



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18

The Cherry Trees of Tenjin Hill -- Contact Through Words

Spring came late that year. The cherry blossoms only began to bloom with the start of the new school year. I was facing a trip to the US for study. Departure was a week away, and I was filled with a poignancy about having to leave the children. I decided to take a walk with them to Tenjin hill nearby to give us both something to remember.

We climbed the long steps to the top of the hill. The children began to scatter and play among themselves. I quickly found myself alone, vacantly gazing up at the clear blue sky. One of the children came up to me.

"What are you looking at?"

"The sky. Pretty, isn't it."

"Yeah, pretty", the child replied, as we both looked skyward. At that, I suddenly came to.

"Hey, I've found something wonderful! Gather around everybody!", I cried.

"What is it, what did you find?", they asked, their eyes widened with interest.

I pointed at the sky behind them.

"Take a look at the sky. What color is it?"

"Blue!", they answered in unison.

"What about the trees over there?"

"Yellow and yellow green!"

"And the cherry trees?"

"White and pink!"

"Do you think they're pretty?"

"Yeah!"

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The replies rang out over the hill.

"Quiet down a second. That big tree over there is trying to tell us something."

The children fell silent.

"Oh yeah, it's saying 'good afternoon'."

"No, it's saying 'good morning' -- it's still morning you know."

While listening to the words of the children, I suddenly felt the breeze pick up. I happened to glance over at a smallish cherry tree. The petals of its blossoms, torn off one by one, floated in the breeze.

"Look, the cherry blossoms are dancing", I shouted.

"Wow, thick and fast, like snow or hail."

I sang the words of the above song, skipping in time, and the children began to play along with me. Then I felt myself standing under that beautiful sky, deeply moved by the whole scene.

In the same season a year later, I asked the children if they remembered the cherry trees on Tenjin hill. A year's growth behind them, they all said they remembered how pretty the cherry blossoms were. Even if we adults feel that something is beautiful, pretty, or cute, we generally don't express that feeling in words very much. However, it is important for child educators to always try to put what we feel into words in order to draw out the emotions of the children. This is because the children usually don't know how to fully express their emotions in words. Child educators know the importance of the part played by 'speaking out to the children' in everyday instruction. But it is also important for the educator to pay close attention to

the 'speaking out' that comes from the children. The sensitivity to grasp the feelings of the children is linked to better instructional skills.

Close contact through words is something that must always be cultivated.

It was a fine day. We finished up exercising in the yard a little earlier than usual and went inside. I wanted to explain what we were going to do for the day, but the children weren't being attentive. "Listen, if you don't keep quiet, the oak trees on Tenjin hill aren't going to wait for you."

"Teacher, can you really hear the voices of the oak trees?", the child closest to me asked. The other children noted this exchange and the room soon became quiet.

"I sure can. Keep quiet and see if you can too."

They all became quiet and strained to hear the voices.

"Wow, I can too. They're saying 'rustle-rustle'", said the same child.

"Well, since the oak trees are waiting for us, listen to what I have to say first, and then let's go for a walk." I gave a little talk on where we were going and what to look for, and we were off.

When we reached Tenjin hill, the children did a little exploring, picking up leaves and climbing trees, each enjoying themselves in their own way. I too did a little exploring with some of the children, and finally we sat down to rest near some camellias. I took a leaf from one of the plants, rolled it up, put my lips to it, and blew. It made a shrill whistling sound. The children started up.

"Let me do it too."

"I want to try blowing it too."

I handed the rolled up leaf to the children. When they tried blowing into it, however, no whistling sound came out.

"How come it doesn't whistle?"

They tried it with another leaf but were still unable to get a good whistle.

"How come the sound doesn't come out."

"Maybe 'cuz the leaf is too stiff."

"Let's try it with a softer leaf."

"Still no good."

"I wonder how it makes that sound."

"Yeah, what is sound anyway?"

The children, talking among themselves, had finally reached the question 'What is sound anyway'. Those were the words I said with the children on the way back to the kindergarten.

When I got alone with the 5 year olds, I put to them the question that had come out of the conversation about the leaf whistle. "OK everybody--what do you think sound is?"

"I know--it"s something like wind", a child in the back responded immediately.

"Yeah, that's right, it's like air", another child added.

"It's like shaking. That's how crickets make sound."

Even children normally in the shadows began to speak out and give their views on the nature of sound.

"That's right, sound's made by hitting or plucking or rubbing. When you blow into or draw on a harmonica, that's when it makes sound. Would you like a little demonstration?"

"Yeah, show us."

"OK, why don't you take turns coming up here to take a look at the inside of the piano."

"Oh boy, I can't wait."

"Even teacher can't wait."

I set them up on a chair one by one and let them peek into the inside of the piano and hit the keys.

"Wow, there's something like a duck bill that's moving."

"Oh, neat."

All the children got a kick out of looking into the piano. After all of them had looked, I asked "Did anyone notice that the strings on this side are thick, and those on the other side thin?"

"Really? I didn't see that. Let me look again."

I brought them up for another look, and showed them the sound that the thick strings make.

"What does that sound make you think of?"

"Sounds like a ghost is about to appear."

"Scary!"

"Well, what color does it make you think of?"

"Black!", they all said.

I then sounded the thin strings and asked them their impressions.

"A bright feeling."

"What color?"

"White!", they all replied happily.

So the children saw how a piano makes sound when the keys are struck, and were able to receive an impression of color from that sound. Then there's the enjoyment they find in singing to the piano, or the discovery that when many different sounds are pu together, they make one pretty sound. All of these things are things that the children feel themselves. This helps them understand that to be human means having the capacity to feel such things.

"When your mother gets angry with you, or when teacher has a word with you, how do you feel inside?"

"Not good."

"It hurts."

"That's part of the heart too, you know. After many bad and painful feelings, your heart is sure to grow. When your heart grows, it means you're bigger as a human being. And that's a wonderful thing. When you've done something bad, it can be pretty hard to say you're sorry. That's a bad feeling too, isn't it. But you feel better once you've said it, isn't that right? That's proof that your heart has gotten a little bigger. Do you see?"

The children gave me a big nod.

Sometimes the child educator as well can reach a child-like disposition through contact with the children. To me, that's another important part of instruction.

What kind of feelings does music spawn in children? The child educator can find out depending on the way he or she presents the music to the children. If asked 'How do you feel about this music?', older children are sure to express themselves in words such as 'it's fun', 'I wanna dance', or at least 'I don't know'.

In my kindergarten, I have the children listen to all kinds of music during rest times. Sometimes I provide a little commentary on the music in question, but beyond that, I let them listen to the music in peace, in order to settle them down after play and exercise outside.

On one occasion, I asked the 5-year olds, now nearing graduation, 'Today I want to put on something that you like a lot. What would you like to hear?', to which one of them shot back 'Mozart's Flute Quartet!'. The year before the reply was always 'Beethoven's 'Destiny'! It's neat!'. I had thus expected the same, and was a little taken aback. 'Why do you want to hear that?', I asked.

"Because you can see green!"

"Green? What do you mean, green?", I probed further.

"The green of trees, a whole bunch of green trees, all over."

"You mean a forest?"

"Yeah, that's right, a forest".

"Well, if that's the case, there must be a lot of little birds and animals too! Wonderful! OK, Let's listen to the record."

I put on the Mozart's Flute Quartet that the children had asked for. When the piece was finished, I asked them what color the birds that they saw were.

"Little yellow birds!", they shouted in one voice. Without knowing it I suddenly jumped up out of a feeling of sheer joy.

"You all saw yellow birds playing in a green forest? How wonderful!"

The record over, the children proceeded to the bathroom, evidently unmoved by this little display of mine. Then one child emerged from the commotion and came over to where I was left standing.

"Uhm, I saw a white bunny rabbit too", he dutifully reported.

After listening to music, it's a good idea to have the children further express the things they felt in pictures. This heightens the educational effect, and also results in materials that can be presented to many individuals for explanation. For an instant, I regretted that I hadn't done so, but the children had only expressed a desire to listen to music, not draw. I therefore dispensed with the notion that time.

To get color from music requires a certain environment and experience of that environment. Luckily, Kamakura is blessed with hills and plenty of greenery. As in Kyoto and Nara, there are also many old temples, and in addition the sea. In the course of a year, the children experience many things in this environment. Music, when coupled with this kind of background and integrated into the daily curriculum, yields much fruit.

On another occasion, I had the above children (5-year olds) listen to Smetana's 'The Moldau' along with some 3 and 4-year

olds. Since they had all heard an orchestral version and Eugen Cicero's piano rendition at various times in the past, I wanted to find out how the 2 compared in their minds.

I played just the introduction and then asked them, "Which do you like better, the orchestra Moldau or the piano Moldau?"

I had barely gotten the sentence out when up shot the hands of the children that could make such a distinction.

"We like the piano", said the 5-year olds, "because it makes us feel good."

"We like this side" said the 4-year olds, pointing to the record of the orchestral version. The reason?

"It makes us feel quiet and good inside", they replied, using similar words, but with a different nuance.

"How about teacher?", they wanted to know.

"Uhm, I like both. I like to listen to the piano version when I feel like sipping coffee, and I like to listen to the orchestral version when I feel really tired and want to rest".

"Both! That's cheating!"

So accused, I put the record back on the turntable. When the children listened to the music this time, their faces were marked with looks of complete absorption.

Adults are apt to think that 4 or 5-year olds cannot possibly have any understanding of such music. Even as teachers, we usually interact with children on such a basis. However, even a trivial incident can break down the fixed conception that the educator harbors concerning children, and make him or her realize the need to pursue a deeper perception of the hearts and minds of children.

On yet another occasion, an orchestra had come from

Czechoslovakia to perform in Japan. The program consisted of performances of 'The Moldau', a Rachmaninoff piano concerto, and Dvorak's 'From the New World'. I tried to make reservations. However, when informed of my intentions, they put me off with a simple 'I'm sorry, but children will not be admitted to the performance.' I was even told 'why don't you try making reservations for the concerts staged especially for children during summer vacation?'. I know what noisy affairs the children's concerts turn out to be.

"The fact is that my children know about the Moldau river in Czechoslovakia, the story of Rachmaninoff's illness, and the discovery of America and the American Civil War. Now if they could just see and hear the real thing in person...to have them do so, that's what being a child educator means, I think. These children have this kind of understanding of the music."

I tried my best, making an appeal on behalf of the children.

Before trying to make reservations, I talked with the children about the concert.

"Would you like to go?"

"Yeah, we want to go!"

"But teacher, what if they tell you 'no children allowed'?"

"Well, I'll still try to get us in."

"But what if they still say no?"

"I won't give up to the bitter end."

So saying, I went out to make the reservations. When I came back in, the children were there waiting for the reply with serious expressions on their faces.

"They say 'no children allowed'."

"Aww, I thought so", they exclaimed in a crestfallen tone of

voice. At least they learned a little bit about adult attitudes.

I of course do not claim to know everything there is to know about the way children feel, nor even how to go about acquiring such knowledge. Still, I can't help but feel proud that the children in my kindergarten can listen enjoyably to music for a period of 2 hours. I also can't help feeling that a society that denies children the chance to hear such music in person harbors some intolerable contradiction. After all, I have come to believe that it is children, as opposed to adults, who have the greater capacity to feel not only music, but the rest of world around them as well.

As the New Year approaches, the 5 year olds generally start preparing themselves mentally for graduation to grade school. They have a sense of moving up one step on the ladder to adulthood, and show a disposition to attempt to learn more difficult things. In the sphere of child educastion, this is a time of transition from simple picture books to reading aloud from books.

One year, Tetsuko Kuroyanagi's 'Tottchan by the Window' was enjoying a wave of popularity about that season. I used to read a little bit of it to the children after lunch each day. During this time, I discovered that the book had also been released in the form of a record, the story accompanied by music. I went out and bought it at the first opportunity and put it on for the children, showing them the jacket, which was the same as the cover of the book they were used to seeing. As soon as they heard the introduction, they came out with several comments.

"Makes me think of a sunset."

"It's a lonely feeling."

"Really! Can you draw what you hear?"

"Yeah!"

"OK. First listen a little more."

Hearing the material they were familiar with transformed into music no doubt made the children feel even closer to it. I brought out 10 sheets of pink construction paper, enough for all of the children to draw on.

"So it makes you think of a sunset? Well, here, I've got some pink paper for you to draw on. I'm sorry it's not all one

nice long sheet."

"How about if we just paste them all together?"

I brought out some paste and the children began to paste the sheets together. I played the record for them one more time, then moved their imagination from the setting sun and feeling of loneliness to the hero of the story, left all alone in the park. I then encouraged them to draw what they felt from the story in sequence.

Each of the children let me know what they wanted to draw from the story: the swallow's nest, the little brass band, the train car turned schoolhouse, the tree, the pool, the scene on the beach, and the scene in the mountains. I further had the children all work together (by assigning parts) on the scene of the child stricken with polio trying to climb the tree and the burning of the traincar schoolhouse during the war. The pink construction paper was pasted together into 2 strips of 5 sheets each. The children got into their places and listened closely to the music.

"What's a bomb?", one of them asked.

"What's a bomb? Does anybody know?"

All of them shook their heads no.

"Nobody knows what a bomb is? You must have seen them on cartoons on TV...people getting killed and buildings destroyed by explosions? That's what a bomb is. It's a terrible thing. Just one is enough to turn all of Kamakura, all of Tokyo, even all of Japan into a big fire that kills all of the people living there. Bombs are enough to destroy the whole world. Because of a bomb, the train car schoolhouse burned up. That's why the head of the school was crying. What would you do if that happened to our

kindergarten?"

"Ugh, such a sad thing."

"Teacher, play that bomb part again, OK?"

I played just that part for them again. The children listened intently, both hands cupped to their ears.

"Listen, a plane's coming! I'm scared!"

The children buried their heads in their hands as they listened. Then one of them spoke up.

"Me, I want to draw the fire! C'mon let's start drawing!"

Before I knew it, the children had completed the line drawings, filled in the connecting portions, and entered the coloring process. The energy with which the children went about this work was really something to see. But even the children who had gotten fairly wound up during the initial drawing began to settle down during the coloring, and the classroom became quiet.

"Teacher, what's polio?"

At first, I found myself unable to reply.

"Teacher's older brother had polio. He got a high fever when he was a little younger than all of you here, and by the time I was about your age, he used to walk around our house like this."

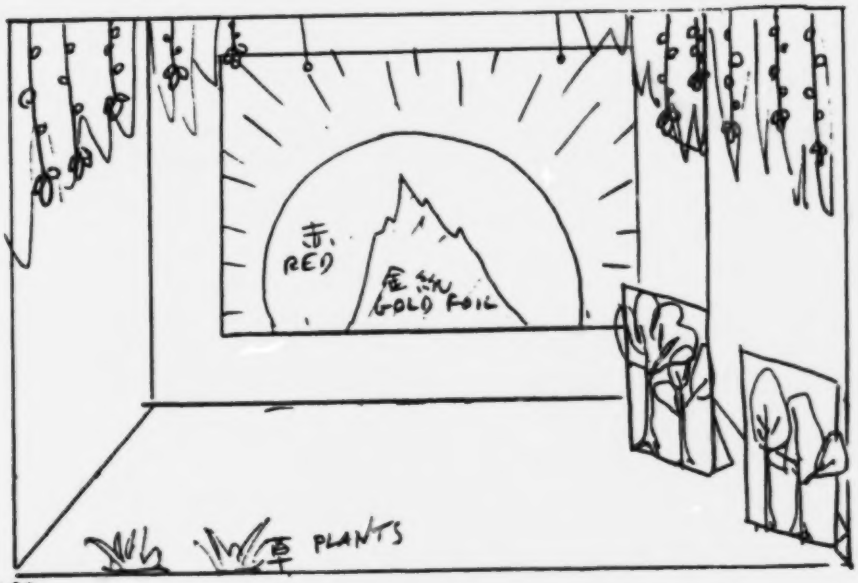
I imitated the way my older brother used to creep along, legs motionless, before the children. They stared with an expression of awe on their faces, and then returned to coloring without pursuing the matter further. All of the children took part eagerly in finishing up the sea and mountain parts, and they were completed before I knew it. The children who had seen hens laying eggs or real cows weren't shy about drawing these parts, talking about their experience while doing so. In the space of 2

schooldays, the sunset pink of the construction paper had been transformed into hues of red and blue. Their work completed, the children stepped back to admire the finished product, beaming a self-satisfaction.

Everytime I displayed this picture before groups of child educators in Japan with an explanation accompanied by the music, there was sure to be someone whose eyes would well up with tears. I myself have no direct experience of war, and also do not know the pains of polio. Nevertheless, while participating with the children in the drawing, I felt myself moved by the feelings and thoughts which emerged from the children in the process. The project thus taught me the importance of the use and presentation of educational materials. Indeed, the experience made me realize that for the educator, the children themselves are living educational materials, and that it is up to the educator him/herself to work to bring the best out of the children. At the same time, I felt an immense gratitude to my older brother, who eventually died of the polio, for helping me discover this, and finally a quiet love and respect for the children.

音の構成劇「キラキラ星のキラキラ星人」 原作・やなせたかし キラキラ星
1985. 2

舞台構成
SET



CAST AND PROPS
登場人物と小道具

村人
VILLAGER

BIRD
鳥

BEAR
クマ

WOLF
オオカミ

TWINKLE TWINKLE STAR MAN
キラキラ星人

ボート BOAT

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Musical Accompaniment

1. Beethoven: Symphony No. 6, Pastorale OX-7222-NO
2. Chug-a-long Choo Choo (Preschool Aerobic Fun) KIM 7052
3. Mozart: Four Flue Quartets VIC-28177
4. The Squirrel and the Wolf GES-1159
5. Eugen Cicero Trio, The Moldau (Smetana) RJL-8082
6. Dvorak: From the New World EAC-81002
7. Ave Maria (Hisako Tsuji) 28P-80
8. Pocket Universe CK-687

Theme: Even ugly monsters can have beautiful hearts.

Narration: Music

Once upon a time, there was a peaceful village. 1.
The villagers used to gaze at Twinkle-Twinkle mountain as they went about their work. And every one of them wanted to go there some day.

(Field work movements)

One day, the villagers heard a rumor that there was a monster living on Twinkle-Twinkle mountain. Some of them went up to the mountain to slay the monster, but that was the last that was seen of them.

Villager 1:

I wonder why none of them came back?

Villager 2:

Maybe they were all eaten by the monster on Twinkle-Twinkle mountain!

Villager 3:

Well, let's all go up and do that monster in together!

All:

Let's go!

Narr.:

The villagers set out for Twinkle-Twinkle mountain.

(Ring dance) 2.

(Bird dance) 3.

Villager 1:

My, what pretty birds!

Villager 2:

C'mon, let's go further!

(Bear free expression) 4.

Villager 1:

Look out, it's a bear! What should we do!

Villager 2:

Everybody hide!

Villager 3:

Too late for that!

Villager 4:

Quick, everybody play dead!

(Bear subdued)

All:

Boy, that was a close one!

Villager 1:

Oh! A wolf!

Villager 2:

He's going to eat us all!

Villager 3:

Let's fight! We can get him all together!

All:

Here we go!

(Wolf subdued)

All:

Boy, that was a close one!

(Bird dance) 3.

Villager 1:

Look! A river!

Villager 2:

How can we get across it?

Villager 3:

Let's build a boat together!

(Boat rowing dance) 5.

Villager 1:

Look's like the monster's been over there! 6.

All:

A whole bunch! Let's get'em!

Other villager 1:

What are you doing!

Other villager 2:

They're our friends!

Other villager 3:

Twinkle-Twinkles aren't bad monsters!

(Twinkle-Twinkles lie down) 7.

Twinkle-Twinkle 1:

We came from faraway Twinkle-Twinkle star.

Twinkle-Twinkle 2:

Our rocket broke, and we couldn't return, so we decided to build a new country.

Twinkle-Twinkle 3:

Please forgive us for not making your friends return.

Twinkle-Twinkle 4:

This is the end.

Twinkle-Twinkle 5:

Goodbye everybody, and thank you.

(The Twinkle-Twinkles die)

All:

Twinkle-Twinkle! Twinkle-Twinkle! Twinkle-Twinkle!

Villager 1:

I guess we were wrong.

Villager 2:

Please forgive us, Twinkle-Twinkle.

Villager 3:

Let's build a new country for the Twinkle-Twinkle people!

All:

OK!

Finale: all members of the cast spread fan out into the theater, doing folk dances. 8.

The Big Picture

For the whole of that year, a had contact with the children at the school without having my own class. At the start of April, however, I received a class of 20 5-year olds, who moved into the larger classroom, next to the one in which they had been exposed to 1 year of preschooling. They were joined by a group of new kindergarteners. It was around the time when the children had begun to feel settled in their new surroundings. We had finished the morning session of both groups together, and had proceeded to separate sessions. Right in the middle of the song we were singing, one of the boys pointed at a photo of kindergarteners placed on top of the piano.

"Teacher, what's that over there?".

He kept on putting the question to me, oblivious to the fact that it was right in the middle of our group singing.

"Why are you asking about that now? That picture's been sitting on the piano since the day you came to this school!"

"Yeah, I know. I've been waiting to ask you about it for a long time."

The boy evidently knew of the picture's existence, but I guess he had failed to ask about it before, since it was in the other room.

Well, the photo shows the picture of the song 'Must Be A Dream', drawn by the older brothers of Kimmy and Nonny and the others in the class, all of them now in grade school.

"Hmmmph. Will we get to draw a picture like that too?"

"Do you want to?"

"Yeah! When!"

"You'll get your chance, just before you get ready to graduate."

"We want to make one just like that!"

"No, you can't just copy the same thing, you know."

"OK then, we'll make a picture of that!"

The boy pointed to a picture on the wall, one of April's productions.

"Just copying something doesn't make a real picture. You have to draw something you feel inside. Then, even if it's not drawn very well, it will still be a good picture. And if you all work together on a great big picture, you'll see what a wonderful thing it turns out to be! But since you all just came here a short time ago, it's a little early for that, isn't it? First we'll start out with smaller drawing paper, and practice drawing all sorts of things. Then when you get enough practice and are all full of energy, we'll let all that energy out on a great big piece of paper. How does that sound?"

"So we'll get to draw on a great big piece of paper?"

"Sure will!"

"Taller than me?"

"Taller than you! When you are ready for it, I'll make sure to have some big paper on hand."

"Oh good! I won't give up until I'm ready for the great big picture!"

Soon the class was abuzz with talk about the coming big picture. I sensed their desire for drawing, and hurled the following question into the enthusiastic atmosphere.

"Uhm, there's a picture I would like you all to draw."

"What?"

"I would like you to draw a picture of the music from Dvorak's 'From the New World'."

"Oh, not that!"

"Too hard!"

"We can't draw that!"

"It may not be easy, but still you've all heard that symphony and should know it well enough, right?"

"That!? I forgot it already."

The boys were the ones doing the complaining. Then one of the girls stepped in.

"Well, I want to try! Sounds like fun!"

At that, many of the others voiced their approval, as if they had been waiting for someone else to do so first.

"Well, good for you. You want to try it, even if it does seem difficult. That's the spirit! Now, how many of you remember Dvorak's 'From the New World'?"

About 6 of the children raised their hands.

"Good! For those that have forgotten, I'll bring the record and play it again tomorrow."

When I put on the record the next day, they all seemed to remember.

"This? Oh yeah! Yeah, I can draw this!"

Their memories refreshed, all of the children brimmed with confidence, ready to tackle the big picture.

I had used 'From the New World' in our musical play staged during the open house a year before. The intro from the first movement was the music for the scene in which the monster was on the verge of meeting a bitter end. It had no doubt left a strong impression on the minds of the children.

"Teacher, I want to hear 'The Twinkle Twinkle Story'."

That was the name of the musical play. The play was a home-made production, and interwove classical music such as the Pastoral Symphony, Mozart's Flute quartet, The River Moldau, and Ave Maria with parts spoken by the children. I put the tape on, and we all got absorbed in the music and story.

"Will we get to do something like that too?", one of them asked when the music was over, the same kind of question as in the case of the big picture.

"You sure will! You'll do all sorts of things in the big class. By the time you go to grade school, you'll have done many, many different things. Going on field trips, to pools, staying overnight here at the kindergarten, skating, and after all of that, we will all work together and make the great big picture!"

When I had finished, the children's chests were swelling in anticipation of the times to come.

The Great Big Tree

The long summer vacation drew to a close and the second term began. After the children and I had gotten readjusted to the rhythm of the schoolday, we decided to take a walk in the vicinity of the school to see how the trees, potatoes in the fields, and the birds and animals we used to see had fared over the summer. We climbed the long stone stars up the side of Tenjin hill, foreheads glistening with sweat when we finally came out on the top. The children began to play in the breeze under the shade of a big tree.

The quick thumping of my heart let me know that it had been quite some time since I had made this little climb. As my respiration began to return to normal, I happened to glance skyward. It was then I spotted a magnificient old tree, its upper part rising into a stark point. Its branches spread out and intertwined with those of younger trees, both providing a nice contrast with the background of clouds moving in slow procession above. I gathered the children around and pointed out the whole composition to them. Some of them at first appeared annoyed at being interrupted during play, but gradually let out their feelings about the scene.

"I didn't know there were trees growing so high up."

"Looks like it's growing right up into the sky!"

"Look how white the clouds are!"

On the way back to the school, I wondered about the possiblities of using the tree as a subject for drawing. When we got back into the classroom and everybody was settled, I put the matter to them.

"What I'm thinking of doing today is drawing that big tree, the one you saw out there."

"OK, let's draw that great big tree.!"

"But the paper that we always use is a little small, don't you think?"

"We can paste 2 of them together then."

"Yeah, that way we could draw the great big tree!"

"Teacher, is this like practice for the great big picture?"

"Yes, you could say that. After all, summer vacation has ended, and it's about time we start to prepare for drawing the big picture."

The children remembered the talk about the big picture in the last term. I asked them what they knew about trees. Back came a host of bright replies.

"Trees all grow toward the sky."

"Yeah, that's because they're friends of the sun."

"Tree roots spread out under the ground."

"And then they suck up food from the ground."

I spent a little more time talking with them before we began drawing.

"When I am reborn, I want to come back as a great big tree, one with a whole bunch of leaves to wave in gentle breezes. I'd talk with little birds, and little children would come to visit me. And even if they all joined hands, they still wouldn't be able to reach around me."

"I want to come back as a bunny rabbit!"

"I want to come back as a beetle!"

"Now about the tree. Remember, there are little lines like veins in the leaves."

"Yeah, I know. That's how they bring in food from outside."

We began to color the big trees, expressing the relationship between the leaves and veins in the process: yellowish green veins for the green leaves, orange veins for the yellow leaves, and red veins for the orange leaves. I had figured on a time period of 2 class days from the pasting of the sheets to the coloring of the background. Things went so smoothly, however, that in the space of one and a half days, (with the sacrifice of a little lunch time), the room was filled with the big, colorful trees. Their leaves seemed to be glittering in sunlight as we gazed at them to the sounds of Vivaldi's 'Four Seasons'.

After our sports demonstration was over, the autumn weather entered a slightly cooler phase, perfect for outings. The children seemed rested and ready for more vigorous activity, so we decided upon a course that was a little longer than usual. We prepared canteens to take along, another point of difference from the regular outings. Looking back at the file of children as we got under way, I could even sense a different mood among them.

The scenery on the way was slightly different too. The fields of rice, the stalks drooping slightly, top-heavy with grain that shone golden in the summer sun, were now harvested. Right in the middle of the field, the rice plants hung in bundles that rustled in the wind. But then, the path that we were travelling was still as narrow as when we had come after tadpoles in the spring. Only this time, the water in the creek that flowed beside it was a little higher, and seemed in more of a hurry to get where it was going. We too pushed on. Suddenly, one of the children at the head of the file let out a cry.

"Hey! Chestnuts!"

He crouched down and began to pick up the chestnuts strewn over the path. The children that followed soon joined in, and after a spell of nut and leaf gathering, our file reformed and we were on our way again.

The potato vines along the sunny path gradually began to overwhelm it with their dark green leaves as we got farther along. At one point, I spotted about 10 amaryllis blooming in a tight cluster within the deep green of the leafy vines. I was taken by the contrast of the fiery red against the green, and

called out to the children.

"Wow, look at that!"

"Ooh, pretty!"

"Just like the flowers are on fire!", said another.

"They look pretty all in a bunch like that."

The route we had traversed up to this point was no doubt familiar to some of the children, who had perhaps come this far with their older brothers or sisters. Past the big boulder, however, the road was harder and less travelled. The denser growth of trees cast the path into a pall, and an uneasiness could be glimpsed on the children's faces. From time to time, I shouted, "Hey, look at this! Pretty, isn't it?", when I came upon some little flowers blooming beside the path, and that would bring forth smiles and looks of anticipation for the next discovery.

"You know elves live under little flowers."

"Really?!"

"How can we find'em?"

"They don't like people since they're always picking flowers, so they don't show themselves."

Just as we were talking about the elves, we happened to see a riot of flowers growing wild in a rice field that lay a little below us.

"Just look at that!"

The sight stopped us in our tracks.

"I wanna see some elves. Where are they?"

"If you look with your heart, you can find them. Use your imagination. There's a group of elves playing under that clump of flowers over there."

"Oh, I see!"

A girl who usually kept to herself started up a conversation with me, apparently stimulated by the walk. We went through a tight curve and were proceeding down a slope when one of the boys at the front of the file sounded an alarm.

"Snake!"

A great big blue-green snake slithered off into the woods, startled by our intrusion. The children watched its lithe movements until it disappeared into the undergrowth.

"It's the snake that's frightened", I said to the children. "He's saying 'Wow, human beings sure are scary!' to himself as he's running away."

"Boy, teacher, I sure was scared too. I almost stepped on him. He had a long red tongue that flickered out of his mouth. He looked me right in the eye too!", the boy went on excitedly, hardly pausing for a breath.

"Well then, it was tit for tat, wasn't it?"

We both laughed and walked on.

Next we passed through a stand of cedar trees growing up a slope, on which the path disappeared. It was dark in their shade, and the children climbed up the steep slope by using the roots as handholds. We ducked under a fallen tree, one by one, the bigger children pulling the smaller through by the hand.

"That's it, you can make it!"

The word was passed down in a loud and clear voice.

"Fallen tree up ahead!"

From the stand of cedars, but a short distance from the place in which we saw the snake, we emerged onto a quiet residential street. The children, a little heated up from the

climb, removed a layer of clothing and stuffed it into their sacks.

Once we got to the row of big cherry trees, waving in a breeze that was a bit warmer than the one blowing on the path between the rice fields, it was only a short distance to our destination. As we gazed at the outline of high mountains way in the distance, some of the children exclaimed, "Hey, let's sing a song!"

We had been learning some new songs recently. I began by singing the first leg of 'The Echo song', sung something like 'Frere Jacques', and the whole group came in for the second leg. The sound in fact seemed to echo on the hard asphalt of the broad roadway. Then we sang 'The Bear in the Woods', 'The Zig-zag Walk', 'The Littlest Cowboy', 'What Color is the Wind?', 'A Walk in the Sky', 'Big Song', 'The Cook's Polka', and 'Tottotoko', and before we knew it, were had reached our goal, the park.

After lunch in the park, the children played under the big trees and in the bushes. I gave each child a piece of candy, and we started back down the road two by two, hand in hand. The girl who had previously carried on the animated conversation shouted to me.

"Teacher, let's sing songs while walking."

She began to sing in a loud voice, just as we had done on the way up, and the other children joined in too. The sound rang out over the quiet residential section, stirring dogs into a spate of barking here and there as we passed.

"That 'Echo Song' sounds good even singing it alone", said the girl.

"That's right, it does."

"That last 'la-la' part of 'The Bear in the Woods' really sounds pretty when everybody sings it together."

"Shall I sing it with you one more time?"

We sang the chorus of 'The Bear in the Woods' again. The girl's mouth opened wide in singing, her sweet but strong voice filling the air. She seemed to be pleased with her own efforts, and obliged with several encores when I complimented her for her voice. In the process, we finally reached the school. The parents were there waiting for us, glad to see that we had returned safe and sound.

I was impressed with the emotional growth of that particular girl, who had entered our kindergarten as a 3 year old, and glad that she had enjoyed herself on the outing. I made sure to tell her mother about the day's happenings. At the end of the day, the child ran up to her mother.

"Mommy, do you know the song 'The Bear in the Woods'? Let's sing the la-la part together!"

"Mommy doesn't know that song -- you'll have to sing it yourself."

At that, the child instantly turned sulky, and fell silent. I was told (by the mother) that the same night, when she turned off the light in the room at bedtime, the girl said "Mommy, today we saw a red cluster of flowers that looked like they were on fire", and then dropped off to sleep. The mother didn't understand what we had done on the outing or know the songs, and later regretted that she had ended up hurting the child's feelings. The memory of the deep red amaryllis flowers that welled up before sleep no doubt symbolized the strong impressions of the outing that filled the girl's heart. When the girl came

to the school on the next day, I said to her, "We had a good time yesterday, didn't we? How would you like to sing the la-la part one more time?"

"Yeah, let's!"

She sang the chorus with me right there in the foyer, even before removing her shoes as is the custom. We both clapped spontaneously when it was over, suprised at how well we had done.

It takes a lot of time and effort even for the child educator in contact with the children everyday to find and reach their hearts. This would be an even more difficult task for the parents, who in most cases are perhaps too busy with work or other children to devote time to some abstraction like 'the child's heart'. But at least to learn songs to sing with the children and make the time to do so -- this is the wish not of the child educator, but of this very 'child's heart'.

As we started the second term, there was a string of fairly hot days for us to hold the sports demonstrations and outings with parents. About the time these events had ended, the mornings and evenings were already turning cold. The cries of the birds in the brisk air seemed to fade into the clear blue sky. Following a day of tepid rain, the weather suddenly cleared and the temperature dropped several degrees. On my way to school that morning, a vapor was rising from the vallies in the hills, like some kind of exhalation from the earth. I decided to talk with the children about this scene and explain to them how the earth is alive, and what winderful things Nature does.

On days like that, it was possible to get a good view of Mt. Fuji from the vicinity of the school, especially on the really cold mornings. Mt. Fuji was wearing a striking winter cap of snow that stood out even more so on those mornings. I was particularly taken with the beauty of the sight one morning, and when I got to the school, I asked the children, "How many of you saw Mt. Fuji today?"

Only a few of the children raised their hands.

"OK, let's all go out for a look at Mt. Fuji. The course for today's run is a lap around Tenjin Hill".

This was a little longer and harder than the usual course, and midway we could take a break for a good view of Mt. Fuji.

It was on a fine day like that 2 years ago that I went up to Mt. Fuji with one of the children and his parents. I told the children about that experience--Mt. Fuji and the 'symphony'.

That day I felt my emotions run pass through a sequence of wonder, impatience, anticipation, and finally joy, like the movements of a symphony. We were racing to reach the summit before the sun set. When I got to the part about chasing the sun on the winding mountain road, their eyes lit up as if they themselves were making the trip, their bodies even swaying right and left with the curves in their imaginations. I could tell what they must have been thinking: 'faster, faster...we'll never make it before the sun goes down!'.

"And we finally got to the top in time to see the sun go down."

At that, some of the children even clapped their hands. I was glad that they could appreciate what I had felt 2 years ago.

"So today, we can have lunch in a field while enjoying a good view of Mt.Fuji."

I brought some mats to sit on and the tea pot, and off we went for lunch in the field and a look at Mt. Fuji.

It grew warmer at midday, and some of the children asked if they could take off their coats. I did the same, letting the rays warm my arms.

"It's good for you to get a lot of sunlight, you know."

"Yeah, there are rays in sunlight that you can't see, that make your bones stronger", one of the boys said.

"That's right. Here, hold your hands up to the sun. See the light coming through?"

The children peered at the sun light showing between their fingers.

"Let's eat!"

As we began digging in the lunches we brought, I asked the

children,

"Why does food taste better outdoors?"

"Because of the air."

"Oh!? But isn't there air indoors too?", I asked, feigning doubt.

The children turned more serious.

"Yeah, but the natural air is better."

"The food tastes better because you eat it with the air that tastes better."

"Not only that. It's wide open outside, and that makes you feel better."

Indeed it was more pleasant to be eating with the children outdoors in a circle, unrestricted by desks. There was a closer feeling, which surfaced in the exchange of food from each other's lunches and gifts of fruit.

"The next time we come here, let's bring the play housekeeping set. It would be nice to have music too, wouldn't it."

"Oh yeah. I didn't think of that!"

"What kind of music would be good.?"

"Maybe some flute."

"How about Mozart's Flute Quartet?"

"Yeah, that would be good!"

"OK, next time we'll have lunch to that music."

I thought that Mozart's Flute Quartet would go just right with the greenery and sunlight.

"Do you know what? Teacher's going to go to hear Vivaldi's 'Four Seasons'."

"You mean hear it in person?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to go too!"

"But it's from 7 to 9 o'clock at night, you know."

"Aww, I guess that would be past my bedtime, huh!"

"I s'pose they wait until night, when everything's quiet, to play", another said.

"Take a picture of it for us, OK?"

"Maybe I'll even buy a record as a souvenir for you."

"Gee, I'd like to see how they do it myself."

Then one of the other children spoke up as if in my behalf.

"Yeah, but don't feel so bad. You can see a picture of it on the album cover. If you look at that while listening to the music, it'll almost be the same as if you went in person!"

With the promise of a souvenir record, we finished lunch.

The children began to romp in the potato patch, its potatoes already dug up, and the acorn-strewn footpaths between rice fields. I lowered my voice and growled "I'm Lobo, king of the wolves", and began to chase the children. They joined in instantly, creating a little play in which the girls turned themselves into bunnies or young pigs trying to run away from the wolf, while the boys became bulls or cowboys. In the process, somebody pushed somebody else from behind.

"Don't push!"

As a quarrel broke out, I decided we had better lower the the curtain on the play, get our things together, and return to the school.

We climbed to the top of a stone staircase and turned around for a last look. The image of Mt. Fuji had already begun to fade away into the sky.

"Look, Mt. Fuji's disappearing", the children chorused as we went back down the hill. When we got back to the school, we were greeted by the mock Mt. Fuji we had made in the yard, complete with a snow cap made of white sand.

It seemed to me that the day's experience would provide a good basis for drawing Mt. Fuji to the music of Dvorak's 'From the New World'.

e. Expansion to Drama Play

Let's Make It Into A Play!

I had been thinking of using the images gained from Dvorak's 'From the New World' for a group drawing. To this end, I had been using maps to make the children realize the size of the American continent, as well as putting them on play trips around the world by boat and plane, using a globe. These formed an occasion for some frolicking outdoors.

One day, I remembered Ernest Seton's story, 'Lobo the Wolf', and read it aloud to the children as another means of learning about America. In the back of my mind was the group drawing of 'From the New World', and by the time I had finished reading, I found my eyes welling up with tears elicited by the beauty of the scenery and the pitiful lot of the wolf. "Too bad about the wolf", the children muttered kind of listlessly when I finished.

"How about making this story into a play?", I proposed.

"Yeah, I think this kind of story would make a good play!"

"Yeah, c'mon, let's make it into a play!", the boys said, clapping their hands together enthusiastically.

"Let's use Beethoven's 'Destiny' for the part where the wolf get's killed!", one of them suggested.

"Yeah, that part needs some really scary music!"

The children had already begun to come up with background music of their own accord.

For our wintertime production of a group mural, we decided upon a sunset scene and a scene of the wolf hunting for prey in the forest.

On one occasion, one of the other teachers discovered some of the 5-year old boys clustered around child 'A', amusing themselves by mimicing him. She gave them a warning about it later on, when the morning session began. 'A' was not physically or mentally disabled, but his frame was rather delicate, and he used to come back with some lines from a TV commercial when the other children would bid him a good morning. The 5-year old boys used to mimic this, and seemed to get a kick out of mocking him. The previous year, there was 'Y', a child with some emotional disabilities, in the classroom. While the boys who were now 5 had presumably acquired some sense of consideration for children a little different from them through that experience, they were nevertheless making fun of 'A' by asking him all sorts of questions just to hear the answers they'd receive.

That day, I decided to to tell them a rather long story.

"Now 'A' can say the proper greetings to the teacher at the gate in the morning and at birthday parties, can't he? He's the same as anybody else. Remember 'Y'? What about 'Y'? He couldn't speak for himself very well, but he understood perfectly what everybody else was saying, didn't he? No one was mean to 'Y'. Why do you make fun of 'A'?"

The whole class sat in a glum silence. I went on.

"Both 'Y' and 'A' have the same feeling heart. All of us must help them polish that heart. When 'A' makes some kind of strange reply to a question, it's up to all of us to teach him the right way to reply. Teacher's older brother had even lost

this feeling heart, and was like a mummy when he died. It couldn't feel when it was time to go potty or wee-wee. Instead, the potty used to fill up inside of him, and his mother would have to press his stomach to make it come out. That's not all. He used to just stay in bed all the time, and his bottom got all sore and mushy, with blood and water coming out. Just to hear about it makes all of you think 'ouch', I'll bet."

They all nodded their heads with serious looks.

"But the thing is that teacher's older brother had gotten numb in the head from the sickness, so that he couldn't even feel the ouch. I remember one time, my mother put his hands up to the charcoal stove for him because it was cold. But he was even too weak to keep his hands over the stove, and before we knew it, his hands had plopped into the fire, and gotten burned. Now any ordinary child would scream out 'ouch!' or 'hot', right? But my brother didn't cry or even say anything, so we didn't even notice at first. Teacher's mother was crying as she said 'Oh, I'm so sorry, it must've hurt'. Then I watched as she bandaged his fingers, burnt so badly that you could even see the white bone peeking out in some of them. Of course, he died a long time ago. Now, do you feel sorry for him?"

The children nodded their heads yes.

"When I told this story to the 5-year olds last year, they all felt sorry too, and that feeling flew up and reached my brother in the sky. My mother told me later on that she had had a dream about my brother after that. She said that he was crying out in the dream, 'Mommy, I have to go wee-wee!', for the very first time. My mother said that made her very happy. I told her that it was because the feelings of all the children in the

kindergarten had reached him in the sky, and you know what she replied? She said 'That's it, you know that child's heart was alive, wasn't it!'."

At this point, one of the children, who had all been listening in silence, spoke up.

"Yeah, I know about that. I've heard that the heart of a dead person stays alive."

"Not only people. Trees and animals too, they all have hearts!", another child added.

It was a long and difficult talk for the morning session, but all of the children sat and listened carefully to it, right to the end.

During our afternoon snack that day, a whole group of the 5-year olds arrayed themselves officiously around 'A'. He took the refreshments as they offered them to him, a big smile on his face.

Energy and Music

The weather had been clear for a long time, but that day, a Friday, the skies had clouded up, and the brisk air seemed just right for a nice run. After our preliminary exercises, I shouted to the children, "Today we're going to run to the third precinct of hell!"

"You mean it?!", they answered back, half in disbelief.

We have two 'marathon' courses. One cuts across a rice field for a lap around Tenjin Hill, and the other goes up the stairs ascending the hill itself. The 'first precinct of hell' is up to the 39th step, the 'second precinct of hell' is up to

the 65th step, and the 'third precinct of hell' is up to the 110th step. The staircase totals 206 steps in all, and presents a formidable course for child or adult. Since it was the end of the week, and the temperature seemed right, I had decided upon a tough run up to the third precinct.

After making it up to the 110th step, I started back down the stairs, pausing under the gate at the bottom until all of the children had caught up. We took a short breather, and then ran straight back to the kindergarten. On the way, while waiting briefly for some of the smaller children to catch up, I listened to the expressions of fatigue around me.

"Boy, my heart is really pounding today!"

"Mine feels like it's about to explode!"

That gave me an idea. I decided to ask them what kind of record to put on when we got back to the classroom.

"Tell me, what kind of music do you like to hear when it feels like your heart is about to explode?"

"'Da-da-da-da' would be good."

"OK! Today it'll be the 'Destiny Symphony'."

After we had all returned to the kindergarten, we did some cooling down exercises.

"Why did I sweat so much, even though it's so cold today?", one of the boys in front suddenly asked. At that, I noticed that my short-sleeved shirt as well was wet with perspiration, and realized once again how good I feel after a tiring run.

Upon exercising, the children went indoors, washed their hands and rinsed their mouths out, and then sat at their places in the classroom.

"One of the 5-year olds said that he wanted to hear 'Da-da-

da-da' today, since it felt like his heart was about to explode. So right now, let's all listen to Beethoven's 'Destiny'." I put the record on. During the first movement, I mixed in body movement and speech, running in place, mimicing a pulsating heart, transmitting the feeling of aspiration ('only a little farther to the third precinct'), etc., as they listened to the music. I let them quietly listen to the second movement, asking them what they thought about it.

"It's beautiful music."

"Pretty!"

"Makes me feel good."

"A little earlier, one of the boys asked me why we were sweating even though it was so cold outside. Sweat is something like the waste from energy. When you exercise, and the heart starts to beat faster and faster, the blue blood and the red blood flow through the body faster and faster. Then you start sweating, and the energy leaves the body. After a while, your heart becomes empty. When that happens, if you listen to music like this, you feel 'Oh, that's beautiful', or 'Makes me feel good'. You know what that is? That's the energy returning to your body."

Even the smaller children seemed to get the gist of the explanation.

Expansion to Drama Composition

After we finished lunch, the children took a short rest. Before that, I had read aloud to them from 2 or 3 books. That day, I decided to read to them the story 'Lobo the Wolf', for the

third time. My voice was softer due to the effects of a slight cold, and I felt sorry that I wasn't able to put the usual emotion into the reading.

When I had finished, one of the children shouted out, "That story's really a little bit too cruel".

"Yeah, that's right, the ending's too sad", another chimed in.

"If we're going to make this story into a play, we're going to have to change it!", said yet another.

"Yeah, let's make it different!"

I asked them how they wanted to change it.

"Let's let the children live at the end!", replied one of the boys who was prone to crying.

The real Lobo, King of the Wolves, was indeed a sly old wolf. Leading his pack of 4 loyal retainers, Lobo had in the course of 5 years destroyed over 2,000 head of cattle, and was the bane of the settlers in his territory. The story has it that at the request of the ranchers, Seton used Blanca, one of Lobo's mates, as a decoy, and the wolf was thus finally captured. At the conclusion, both Lobo and Blanca die a heroic death.

After listening to what the children had to say, I put on 'From the New World' to help them each rest and collect their thoughts about the story. Reflecting on the day's give-and-take and the whole process leading up to it, I thought it would be best to use the group picture as background for the composition of the drama, and to 'do' music with the children in a form incorporating both the picture and the drama. And yes, the story line of the drama was to be constructed on the basis of the children's ideas.

It was a cold morning, the very first frost of the year. As I approached the gate, one of the boys who usually is absorbed in a soccer game with his friends about this time came running up to me.

"Did you decide upon the music?"

I was stunned momentarily, and only stared back dumbly.

"The music -- I mean the music for 'Lobo'!"

"Oh -- not yet."

"Well...how about 'Destiny'?"

"That's the only thing that's definite so far. In the scene where Lobo's dying, we'll play the 'Destiny Symphony'."

At that, the boy ran off to the exercise bars where another one of his friends was waiting.

"Yeah, she says that we're using 'Destiny' alright."

"Aww, good!"

I too came running over to them as they started playing. I was curious that this particular boy would ask that question, and the first thing in the morning at that.

"Uhm, has 'Lobo' been on your mind?"

"Sure has! Even when I'm at home! I'll be in the middle of arithmetic, but the only thing I can think of is 'Lobo'", the child went on seriously.

"Oh, you musn't get that worried about it! As I've said before, I'll come up with the general outline of the story and the music, and we'll all decide upon the actual music together, as a class. Then we'll start rehearsing."

That week, a cold was going around, and nearly half of the

children were absent.

"Let me tell you about what I've been thinking about. We'll use Vivaldi's 'Four Seasons' for the beginning, where the wolves are playing with the other animals in the forest, and then 'From the New World', for the coming of civilization."

I hummed part of the melody for him.

"Oh, that would be good!", he exclaimed as he imagined the matching of melody and story to himself. I glanced sideways, and realized then that our little group had in no time swollen to 5 or 6 children.

"Next comes the building of the railroad."

"That music we use for exercise...'Choo-choo'!", the children cried out together.

"Then the construction of towns -- how about this song?"

I hummed a little of 'America' from West Side Story. The children clapped their hands in approval.

"That's good!"

"Teacher, do you have that record?", the first boy asked.

"Sure do -- at home, I mean."

"Bring it and play it for us, OK?"

"OK, I promise. Now, for the next part, that is, the battle between Man and Wolf, I've been thinking about the 'Change-man' theme."

About three of the children groaned a bit about this.

"Uhh...that's a little funny, I think. The two don't fit together too well."

"If we use that music, people will laugh at us for sure. Everybody will just laugh!"

"But you like that music, don't you? OK, how about if we

just leave the subject as is now and do some playing instead?"

I immediately transformed myself into a wolf and began nipping around the children. Even so, some of them wouldn't join in. One of the children even sat himself down in the middle of the yard, looking for all the world like a miniature 'Great Buddha'.

"I'd rather think about the music than play right now."

That day, we grouped the 4 and 5-year olds together due to the small attendance. During the instruction, the boy who first asked the question was teaching one of the 4-year olds how to make a pair of origami boots. As I passed by, he spoke up in a low voice.

"Today, for some reason, I feel like I'm burning up inside, like my heart's on fire. Now I know how Muscle-man (a cartoon character) feels!"

The next morning, I brought along a whole stack of records, with the intention of settling the music issue. I found the same boy playing in the yard when I arrived, and called him over.

"Look -- do you know what I'm carrying here?"

"No, what?"

"Do you remember yesterday when you said that you wanted to hear my music? Well, these are the records I told you about, the ones from my home."

The other children began to cluster around.

"All these are yours? Wow, teacher must be a millionaire!"

That Saturday, even the children who were absent during the week showed up. I decided to group the children by age, and have the 5-year olds make the choice of the music for the drama. When it came to making the actual selection of the first piece, however, the children were split between 'The Four Seasons' and Mozart's 'Four Flute Quartets'. The group in favor of the latter was in the majority. This was no doubt because we had used it in the drama for the previous year, as background music to a pretty dance performed by birds flitting about on wings of gauze fabric. The children felt a closeness to it from that year that they didn't feel for 'The Four Seasons'. Still, I wanted to push 'The Four Seasons' a little. I felt that it made a better accompaniment for animals frolicking in the broad sunlit meadows of America than the 'Four Flute Quartets'. I did my best to explain my viewpoint, and finally succeeded in winning them over.

After that, things went pretty smoothly for a while. I played 'From the New World', 'Chug A Long Choo Choo' (purchased in the U.S.), and 'America' from 'West Side Story' in succession, gaining their acceptance for each. Then we came to the part where the wolves run out of food, and realize that they have to start attacking the cattle of the settlers if they are to survive. I played my suggestion, Dvorak's 'Cello Concerto'.

"I think that will do", said one of the girls. "It's got a kind of painful mood about it."

The other children seemed to agree.

"Well, how about this for the next part?", I said as I put on the 'Change-man' theme.

The children listened for a short time, then asked me to put on the 'Jaspion' theme song for a comparison. I complied.

"Hmm, I guess Change-man is better after all."

"Yeah, it doesn't sound so out of place, does it!"

So we had settled on the music and the story for all the scenes up to the death scene.

"Now, what shall we do for the remaining parts?"

"Listen, how about if we let the children live on?", one of the children suggested.

I decided to put the question to them all.

"OK everybody, how can we have the children live on?"

"Let's return them to the forest!" one of the children in the rear replied.

"Or we can have them be kept by somebody", another said.

Those seemed to be the only ideas at the moment.

"Do you remember the story I told you about the koalas and pandas that were brought to zoos in Japan? Or for that matter the story about the baby that was raised by wolves?" That was all that was needed.

"Oh yeah, that's right! The best place for them would have to be back in Nature. Even a crayfish you catch and bring home doesn't live too long after!", the child in the rear shouted out.

"Yeah, I'm with you!", one of the girls in front said, glancing back at the child in the rear.

I wanted to speak to them a little more.

"Who was living there in the first place?"

"That's right -- Man is to blame! Man was the one who disturbed everything!", said one of the children, as if realizing the fact for the first time.

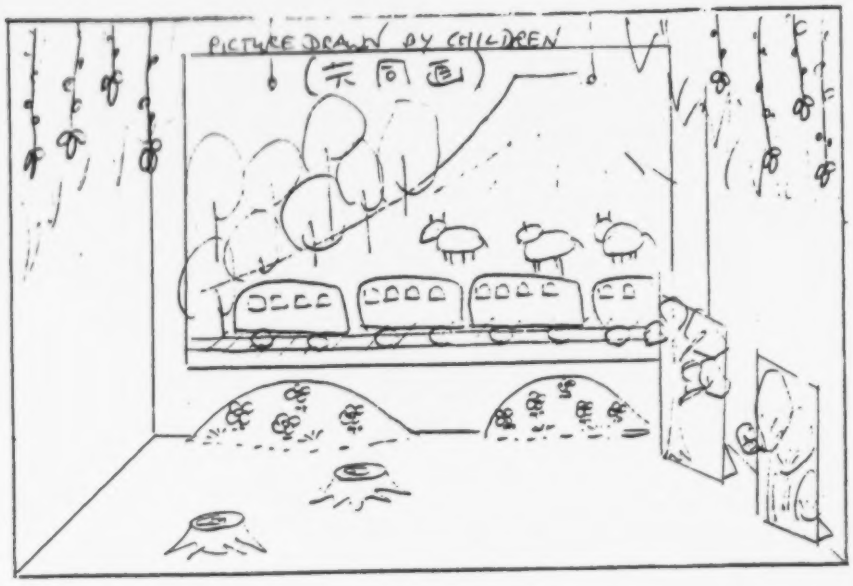
I suggested that it might be good if we had the human beings in the story promise to leave the forestland untouched, and then we started making preparations for lunch. With the approach employed in instruction, I have a pretty good idea of what the children will say and do in the course of it. In the midst of the clamor of that classroom, it occurred to me that through the play, both the children and I had perhaps learned something of great value concerning animal (and human) life. To me, it's a something that education aims for.

Drawing Music -- Dvorak's 'From the New World'

f MUSIC-DRAMA 'LOBO, KING OF THE WOLVES', ADAPTED FROM THE STORY BY ERNEST SETON, FEB., 1986

音の構成劇「おおかみ王ロボ」シナリオ決定稿 1986.2

舞台構成 STAGE SET



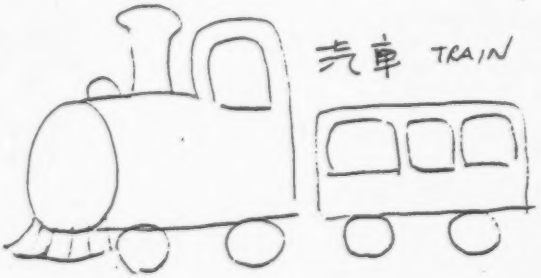
登場人物と小道具 CAST AND PROPS

オオカミ WOLF

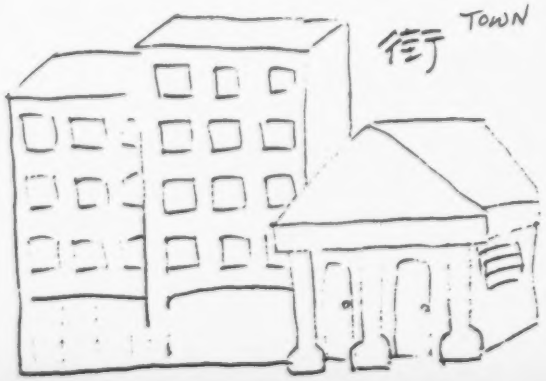
子ども WOLF CHILDREN

VILLAGER 村人

BIRD 小鳥



TOWNSPEOPLE 町人



Background Music

1. Vivaldi, The Four Seasons	20MG 0302
2. Dvorak, New World Symphony	EAC-81002
3. Chug a long Choo Choo (Preschool Aerobic Fun)	KIM 7052
4. West Side Story, America	25AP 801
5. Dvorak, Cello Concerto	MG 2118
6. Lightning Attacker Change-man	CK-738
7. Beethoven, Symphony No. 5	20MG 0301
8. Mozart, Four Flute Quartets	VIC-28177

Purpose: To have the children think about the value of Nature and the will to live

Script	Background Music
Narrator:	1.
Long ago, before the coming of Man, the animals and birds used to play together in the wide meadows and forests. The family of wolves even joined in. But one day, they noticed a whole crowd of people coming their way in the distance, carrying something.	
Bird Dance	
Wolf 1:	2.
What's that flashing thing?	

Wolf 2:

Maybe we're all going to be killed!

Wolf children:

I'm afraid! I'm afraid of Man!

Narrator:

The wolves fled deep into the forest out of fear of Man, and watched them there from a safe distance. Many, many people came into the land of the animals. They built railroads and houses and whole towns.

Train Dance 3.

Person 1:

Boy, how clean the air is out here!

Person 2:

And the beautiful scenery!

Person 3:

And don't forget the wildlife!

Person 4:

Let's all work together and build the prettiest town in the world!

All people:

Yeah, let's call everybody out here!

Twonspeople:

Alright! We're going to build a wonderful town!

Town-building Dance 4.

Wolf 1: 5.

All these people, they've taken away our food.

Wolf child 1:

Papa, I'm hungry!

Wolf child 2:

Mama, I want something to eat!

Wolf 2:

Ahh, what on earth can we do?

Wolf 1:

There's only one thing left -- we'll have to fight with Man!

Battle Dance 6.

Wolf child 1: 7.

They've captured Papa!

Wolf child 2:

They've captured Mama too!

Wolf children:

What'll we do! Papa! Mama!

Wolf child 1:

Oh, they're dying!

Wolf child 2:

Oh no, don't die and leave us alone!

Wolf child 1:

Why did Man kill Our Papa and Mama?

Wolf child 2:

This land was our land, not theirs!

Wolf children:

Yeah, it was ours, but still they cut down our trees, built houses, and ended up wrecking everything!

Townspeople:

Oh little wolves, we're sorry!

Birds:

C'mon wolves, let's go off to the forest over there.

Narrator:

And so the orphaned wolves went off with the birds to a new forest, and lived happily ever after. And the townspeople? They pledged to all of the animals never to go near that forest!

5. Conclusion and Reflections

Exercises devised through reflection upon the children's movement or at their own request will indeed make them feel joy in 'doing' music. The effects of this capability for feeling nourished as a result ripple throughout the whole of the child's daily activities.

In this way, the building of physical strength for the promotion of child health involves a whole progression, from self-manifestation through 'doing' music to the development of a feeling for color and form, the exercise of imagination, and even the cultivation of creativity when extended into the pooling of the energies of the group onto a single drawing. Likewise, the drama play makes each of the children acquire a sense of the intertwinement of human beings and their emotions, which in turn can lead them to an awareness of sociability, civility, and proper behavior. The aim of the enrichment of the emotional life of the children is gradually attained through the repetition of such instruction, day after day.

The sensitivity of the educator him or herself is also refined through interaction with the children in the course of such daily instruction. The insights gained must in turn be fed back into the instruction. In conducting such programs, I realized the importance of having preschoolers brought into contact with the natural environment, made to experience many things in their school activities, and instructed with love and care.

In June of 1984, I attended a lecture by a professor from The University of British Columbia sponsored by the Association

of Child Education International (ACEI). During the course of this lecture, the professor remarked that it was not unqualifiably desirable for child education to walk ahead of the times; on the contrary, a retrogression to the past would be in order in some aspects in advanced countries like Japan. I too believe that it is certainly healthier for children to be educated in more natural surroundings, as I myself was. Still, the educator cannot turn back the hands of time, and is unlikely to be able to fully provide such an education, barring the emergence of a time machine. Such being the case, the next best thing is turn the artifacts of advancement, namely recorded educational material, to the educator's advantage, as a means of helping the children imagine how things were in bygone days, and to motivate them to discover 'the human heart' in the preschool period.

It is up to the educator to present the recorded educational material in such a way that it comes alive for the children. When this happens, it can become a means of instilling dreams in the children through their involvement with the music. The music should also be used as a means of (in our case) transmitting the native sentiments concerning the seasonal changes in Japan, and traditional Japanese play with music, to make the children aware of the so-called 'Japanese sentiment', There is of course no concrete evidence of the 'feeling heart', that is, development of the children's emotional capacity and sensitivity, through the careful presentation of both quieting and activating music. Moreover, I know how difficult it is to instruct children using recorded music as educational material. Nevertheless, it strikes me as an essential element of human education for the educator to

motivate children by somehow moving them emotionally, and to use all material that can be funnelled through the five senses as means to this end.

At any rate, I am convinced that I have grasped one key for constructing a fuller, more 'human' emotional life for preschoolers, through the use of recorded educational material. In a sense, to involve children with music, ever aware of the flow of the times, and reach this 'feeling heart' in pursuit of the capacity for human love -- isn't this part of what a real, living education is all about?